ALLHALLOW EVE.

THE fire burns low upon my study hearth;
I am alone to night, and midst the dying embers
I can see faces and forms that once were mine to love,
And now—are gone. The night wind moans,
As round the dying leaves he whispers his farewell,
And one by one they sink upon the earth.
Dear Mother Earth! who folds them tenderly
In her embrace for their long sleep:
'Tis but the symbol of our own short lives,
Which, like the leaves and flowers,
Blossom to die When Winter's frost the life-blood chills
Then Mother Earth receives our mortal part
And sends the soul to God.

So on this calm October night the spirits of the past
Come to me with this message: They are not dead
Whom we have laid into the brown earth's heart,
For at the last they'll rise, and like the leaves,
That in the Spring return to us again,
We shall behold them glorified. —*Christian Advocate.*

ALLHALLOWTIDE.

"BEFORE she passes through the gates which open
On noiseless hinges for each coming guest,
October, decked with golden crown and cope,
And rich with treasures of autumnal quest,
Pauses, and bids her couriers to await
The final pleasure of their royal queen,
Who fain would witness mortals celebrate
Their Halloween."

Just as the term "Eastertide" expresses for us the whole of the church services and ancient customs attached to the festival of Easter, from Palm Sunday until Easter Monday, so does Allhallowtide include for us all the various customs, obsolete and still observed, of Halloween, All Saints' and All Souls' Days. From the 31st of October until the morning of the 3d of November, this period of three days, known as Allhallowtide, is full of traditional and legendary lore.

In these Allhallowtide customs we can trace, much more distinctly than in any of the various festivals observed by the Christian church, the dual nature and origin thereof, for the pagan and Christian observances do not blend together, but rather stand apart, in startling distinctness.

The curious, quaint and madcap games of Halloween have nothing in common with the observances of All Saints' and All Souls' Days. Halloween is distinctly pagan and Druidical in its customs, and no better proof is needed than the facts personally experienced by the writer that the English customs of the night are comparatively tame and have none of the weird mystery attached to them that are to be found in the wild games and amusements of the Welsh, the Irish and the Scotch—descendants of the Celts, and amongst whom Druidism held sway long after Christian rites and services were familiar to the Saxon. These ancient British Celts fiercely resented any change in their religious beliefs, and when Christianity did at last gain a footing amongst them their pagan rites were perpetuated, but with a new Christian significance.

In the west and south of Scotland, in Fife and the Lothians, the bonfires of Halloween are, generally speaking, not kindled. Their Halloween is the Halloween of the Saxon and not of the Celt. But on the northeast coast and the counties bordering on the Grampians, where the men, though not pure Celts, were clansmen fiercer and bolder than the ordinary Sassenach or Lowlander—due to their life of defensive warfare against the Highland hordes and caterans—we find that Halloween and kindred festivals have borrowed many of their customs from the original Druidic source.

The four great festivals of the Druids were held in February, May, August and November, the opening seasons of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, and on these occasions great fires were lighted and human sacrifices offered up. We talk lightly and glibly nowadays of a bonfire; seldom do we stop to recall that in former days it was in very truth a *bone* fire, its victims the weaklings, the criminals, or the prisoners of war.

These Druidic feasts of the seasons are still perpetuated in Britain by the modern names of Candlemas, May Day, Lammas (loaf-mass) or the Gule of August, and Halloween; and the term Beltein fires or fires of Baal is still heard, although seldom do the merrymakers of Halloween trouble themselves about their origin. They follow its customs with a blind observance because their fathers and grandfathers lit such fires and danced around them in grotesque disguise, whilst cakes and potatoes are still baked in the ashes. Thus the inherent conservatism of Highlander and Lowlander perpetuates in successive generations the rustic merriment and follies of this feast. The Highlander calls them "Samhnag" (Holy Fires), and the Welshman talks of "Nosgalan Graf." Burns's poem on Halloween is so universally read that it may seem superfluous to add anything to its facts, although the customs of the various Scotch districts differ more or less from each other. But in America we are too modern to be impressed by the weird and eerie ghosts of Halloween as Scotch country children still are.

We observe all the games, but we lose sight of the leading idea in connection with this feast, which was a night "set apart for the universal walking abroad of spirits, both of the visible and invisible worlds," and unless we bear this in mind we lose the significance of all or nearly all the peculiar customs practiced by old and young in their happy merrymaking.

To have clear moonlight at Christmas enhances the pleasures of that happy season, but to have moonlight at all at Halloween is deemed a great misfortune. The spirits of darkness require darkness, and the masqueraders in disguise prefer to carry dark lanterns made of scooped-out turnips to the glorious light of Heaven.

These turnips have the features of a wild human face cut out and accentuated in the rind so that the candle placed within may give light through eyes, nostrils and mouth. The *lid* fits tightly and is painted to represent shaggy, wild locks, whilst blue and red paint marks off cheeks, etc., all adding to the general weirdness, even grewsomeness, of this moving humanlike head.

When a band of ten or twenty "guisers" fantastically dressed carry these grinning lights aloft the effect on weaker minds is, to say the least, terrifying. Strong minds even may begin by admiring the wild, picturesque effect, but too often end by experiencing a cold shiver in the region of the backbone.

A child's mind is easily impressed, and startling incongruities of place and season are often associated together.

I never joined in singing the line "No powers of darkness me molest," in the well-known evening hymn, "All praise to thee, my God, this night," but these dreadful uncanny turnip lanterns of Halloween flashed before my eyes as the outward and visible sign of these powers. In later years, when the reticence of childhood in speaking of these mystic influences of our childish days had passed away, I found that I had not been solitary in my ridiculous associations.

Looking back over the years, it seems to me now almost impossible for Scotch children born in rural districts to grow up uninfluenced by the traditional weird and mystic influences which surround them.

We love it, and call it folk-lore; others may class it as superstition—call it what you will, it is the very essence and backbone of our great national independence and patriotism.

Thus the personality of the Scotchman is more assertive than that of the Englishman; or rather the Scotchman does not rest content to hold certain views and opinions—he must try to convert his friend and neighbor to the same; whereas the ordinary Englishman, although he may hold equally strong opinions on favorite subjects, does not generally bother himself as to whether his neighbor thinks so or not; it is sufficient for him that they are *his* opinions. Indifference to outside opinion rather than conceit or selfishness is the cause of this attitude.

From this knowledge of their respective characteristics one can easily trace the reason why the Scot, as a colonist, asserts himself and impresses on the local history of his settlement the traditional customs and observances of his native land.

Burns only can be hailed as the Laureate of Halloween, and to the Scotch colonists of the States must we give credit for the universal observance of the festival throughout America.

But due meed of praise is also owing to Herrick, the poet *par excellence* of folk-lore, whose verses are oft quoted on the south side of the border. His lines:

"Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name,
And, with the loudest bounce, me sore amaz'd
That in a flame of brightest color blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow,"

goes to prove that though the customs of one district (as before said) may differ from another, there is a striking uniformity in the important place in the revels assigned to nuts. Apples, too, share this popularity, and immense quantities of both fruits—symbolic of the closing autumnal season—are eaten, and they enter largely into the games and divination of love affairs peculiar to this festival. Apples and nuts are to Halloween what fern and hemp-seed are to the lovers of divination on St. John's or Midsummer Eve.

Ducking for apples in a tub of water, dropping a fork from the teeth in hope of striking a floating apple, or trying to catch a swinging apple on a string suspended from the ceiling to gnaw a bite out of it, are still popular games.

The three bowls of Fate, containing clean water, foul or emptiness, and referred to as luggies by Burns, are the modern descendants of the three copper bowls of the Druid priest who sat "in the gate" on all ceremonial occasions. His bowls contained water from some sacred spring. One held water pure, the second had its contents blessed by the Arch-Druid, whilst in the third he laved his hands after blessing it, and thus it was most holy.

As the eager worshippers, or rather onlookers, of the mystic and sacred rites passed in within the outer circle of huge stones, the priest blessed and sprinkled them from one of the three bowls according to the value of the offering given. Our keen business instincts of the present day are the development of centuries, and were born of a time when blessings on the home and prosperity in the herd were a question of exchange and barter over the bowls of holy water at Baal's Feast.

Burns's lines tell us that

"Some merry, friendly country folks
Together did convene,
To burn their nits an' pu' their stocks
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night."

We have transported nearly all the games to this New Scotland across the seas, but unless in very rare cases, the "pu'ing of the stock" has been left behind: circumstances over which we have no control have conspired to leave it behind.

Perhaps because human nature craves what it cannot have, we who have shared in the wild excitement and suppressed fun of stock pu'ing and were proficients at wileing (choosing) straight "runts" from crooked ones, even when blindfold, are captious in declaring that Halloween without the stock is no Halloween at all.

Darkness was indispensable. The "kail stock," that is, the cabbage or German greens, had to be pulled from the garden of a bachelor or widower; and if anyone was known to be more irascible than his neighbor over the annihilation of his "greens," then the mischievous spirits abroad invariably cleared off his supply before touching those of the more amiable neighbor.

There are wheels within wheels, even in village politics, and the cross old tailor who objected vociferously to our playing "hide and seek" round his cottage paid a heavy penalty at Halloween. Revenge is sweet, even in childhood.

But to return to our pulling. Silence prevailed, for the owners were often on guard, and custom required that our eyes be blindfold. Having succeeded in getting hold of something, our troubles were by no means ended, for if the mauraders were feminine only, the assailants, as guisers, to seize the coveted treasures, when *en route* for home and shelter, were masculine; and so both sexes had mutual fun in stocks. Granted that a place of shelter was reached, then the chatter became general.

If the "runt" were long or short, so would the future husband be; if the quantity of yird (soil) were great or small at the roots, so in proportion would the income be; if the custoc (heart) tasted sweet or bitter, so would the temper and disposition be, and so on. Then, finally, each one in order of age laid her "runt" at the back of the door; the daughters of the house at the front door, and the servants at their own entrance, and the Christian name of the first caller—postman not included—would be the name of the future suitor, successive callers' names being appropriated for the successive "runts."

Everyone kept open house for the bands of masked "guisers," who were liberally treated to cakes, fruit and money; and then the evening sports wound up by all dancing round and through the ashes of the bonfire, from which the roasting apples and potatoes were snatched.

No one is more enthusiastic in the observance of Halloween than Queen Victoria, who makes it a night of feasting and enjoyment at Balmoral. Recognizing how pre eminently patriotic the Scots are, and as patriotism is the parent of loyalty, her majesty, on every possible occasion, encourages by her personal observance all the Scottish traditionary customs.

The Mar and Invercauld clansmen march past the castle, the bonfires are kindled, a band of masked dancers burn an effigy of a witch, the usual games are played, and then after a sumptuous supper, the ball is opened by some of the princes and princesses in the queen's presence, and dancing is kept up until an early hour.

But one point more, and that by no means the least important one. Halloween has always been and still is a feast when gentle and simple meet and enjoy themselves together, irrespective of social barrier and caste so rigorously observed on so many other occasions. Servants and children race out together after their "stocks," the one object in view—who will be first there to wile the best. This absence of the assertion of castle has always been more noticeable in Scotland than in England—due principally to the influence of the clans, where the chief is the father of all bearing the clan name, and which has been so perfectly described by F. Marion Crawford: "Perhaps the form of aristacracy most worthy of admiration is that time-honored institution of pre-eminent families—the Scottish clan—the Hebrew tribe."

Thus the frolics of Halloween teach us that "legend has its uses as well as history, and the one rightly regarded is no less valuable than the other." The progress of civilization from the barbarous ages to the ultra culture and refinement of the present day can only be traced by the study of the social life, customs and daily observances of our ancestors, and so folk-lore must ever remain the key to the intelligent study of history.

In conclusion I may most appropriately quote the words of Keller, the national poet of the Swiss, who, like the Scots, inhale the breath of patriotism from their rugged mountains:

"Of stubborn fact is here no question—
The pearl of every fable is its thought;
The truth of every old tradition
Is in its hidden spirit wrought."
—*M. E. Leicester Addis, in Frank Leslies.*

THE BOY OF SEVENTEEN.

THE boy of seventeen has reached a dangerous age. Not merely because he has left the sheltering influence of childhood, and must meet the temptations that every youth must sometimes face. The trouble is that he too often knows so much that his elders can teach him little. He feels prepared to settle all the questions of ethics or statesmanship off-hand. I recall the anecdote of that young law student, to whom the judge, before whom he was being examined for admission to the bar, stated a legal case, and asked him how it should be decided.

Without a moment's hesitation the young man disposed of it then and there. "There can be only one decision to it," he added pompously. "No man who is posted in common law could hesitate for a moment."

"Perhaps not," said the old judge thoughtfully. "Only it caused a disagreement among the judges of the United States Supreme Court when it came up before them. I am glad, however, to find that is so easily disposed of."

At seventeen the young man has courage beyond knowledge, and in his enthusiasn is ready to undertake adventures from which he would shrink in his later years. He is usually a lovable creature withal, and even in these days of gray hairs I can never meet him in his joyous enthusiasm and cheerful view of things without an impulse to slap him on the back and give him Godspeed in his happy jaunt toward the unknown future.

I am not of those who would deny to youth the natural pleasures that belong to his time of life. But when he forgets the duties that have been intrusted to him, or belittle their demand upon him because he is set upon having a "good time," he stands in great danger of his future, and needs the aid of a firm and guiding hand.—*Hardware.*

HOW ONE SHOULD SHAKE HANDS.

FEW of those who shake the hands of public men on occasions of receptions held in their honor realize the effect of this process if long continued upon the person who submits to it. Inquiry of them would often elicit the fact that there were swollen hands or strained muscles and badly afflicted nerves as its result. President Polk had an experience of this kind which led him to study into the art of shaking hands for his own protection, and this is his conclusion with regard to it, set down in his private diary:

"If a man surrendered his hand to be shaken by one horizontally, by another perpendicularly and by another with a strong grip, he could not fail to suffer severely from it, but if he would shake and not be gripped, taking care always to squeeze the hand of his adversary as hard as the adversary squeezes him, he would suffer no inconvenience from it. I can generally anticipate a strong grip from a stronger man, and I then take advantage of him by being quicker than he and seizing him by the tips of his fingers."

This has the obvious advantage of demonstrating cordiality on the part of those who thus heartily grasp hands held out to them—*Boston Herald.*

A QUINCE-TREE was in bloom last week in West Park, Monmouth County, and an apple-tree near Wanamassa. It is an open and mellow Autumn, notwithstanding a little frost now and then.

THEY are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.

"I DON'T CARE."

GIRLS and boys, I wish to tell you
Of a foe you entertain;
I have seen him with you often,
And the fact has caused me pain;
For he only seeks the ruin
Of your lives so young and fair—
He's a foe, cool, sly, and cunning,
And his name is, "I don't care."

Have you ever thought, dear children,
That "I don't care" is a thief,
Taking from you time and order,
Candor, friends, and all save grief?
Don't you notice the bold falsehoods
That he daily tells to you,
And that make you say, "I don't care,"
When at heart you really do?

He at first will only cause you
To forget yourself, and dare
To answer parents, friends and strangers
With the rude words, "I don't care."
But be warned. He'll plant within you
The true spirit of his name;
Then he'll disappear by magic,
Leaving you to bear the shame.

Break the habit, children, break it:
Do not use the common phrase;
Smaller things than this have started
Many a life in reckless ways.

Guard your words, your thoughts, your actions;
To yourselves be true, and dare
Not to let the good slip by you
With a reckless, "I don't care."
—*Little Christian.*

CRUEL BOYS MAKE CRUEL MEN.

WHEN Benedict Arnold was a boy he was employed as a clerk in a drug store in his native town, Norwich, Connecticut. According to the custom of the time he was taken into the family of his employer, Dr. Lathrop. Dr. Lathrop was a gentleman of elevated character, abundant wealth and social distinction. Benedict came to him at rather an early age, and being a widow's son, he was cherished with tender consideration in the household.

It is related by one who lived in the house with him, that he soon revealed strong capacities and strong faults. Among the latter was cruelty to every form of animal life. Dogs avoided him for good reasons; cats never flourished where he dwelt, and it was thought that horses were none the better for his care, unless it might be for break-neck speed and marvelous kicking and prancing. Mangled birds were found lying about the premises, and robin's eggs were crushed and strewn upon the grass. When the cries of the mother birds caused the lady, in whose house the strange boy was nourished, to say: "Methinks her cry is, 'Cruel Benedict Arnold! cruel Benedict Arnold!'" he only secretly laughed.

The boy who tortured animals was filling up his career by betraying his country and murdering prisoners who had surrendered.

And again it was told of how he pounded glass into fine pieces and scattered it on the paths of the village school; how he would take the birds, a foot in each hand, and tear them in two.

And yet this man, endowed with a splendid mind and receiving great advantages, with apparently as good a chance of making as great a man as Washington, ended his life, poor, miserable and lonely in London, hated by his countrymen and the nation to whom he had sold his honor; and his name has become the most despised in all American history.

Is not a traitor but the fulfillment of the promise of his youth?

Children, you are deciding now in forming your character whether you will be a man like Washington, who loved and petted every animal on his farm, and would even go out of his way rather than step on an anthill, or like our grand Abraham Lincoln, who could not see suffering any where and not relieve it.

It is told of Lincoln that when a boy he was passing through the woods with two other boys, and they came to a nest of young birds where one of the little ones had fallen out, and the mother bird, "with the same kind of feeling your mother would have if you were in such danger," was chattering and hopping about. The other boys passed on and, missing Abraham Lincoln, waited for him. When they asked him where he had been, he said: "I stopped to put the little bird back in the nest. I could not pass that cry of distress."

When a poor young lawyer he saw slave mothers torn from their children, it was this same spirit that made him vow that "if God gives me the chance I will cut loose the cursed bonds of slavery," and you know how he kept his vow—and his life was the price he paid for thus standing to his duty.

Will you be like this great man or like the traitor, Benedict Arnold?—*Mrs. Fannie B. Dean.*

EDUCATIONAL POINTS.

THE editor of the *School Journal* makes the following to be the points in an ideal educational system: 1. Ample provision for teaching all children of school age. 2. A body of teachers, who have consecrated themselves to teaching as a life-work, as doctors, lawyers and ministers have consecrated themselves to their life-work. 3. A school system, *administered by teachers*, as far as details of school work are concerned, in which there is the minimum of the machine and the maximum of the teacher. 4. Examinations conducted by the teachers themselves, with supervisors who shall be as little anxious as possible to find out how much pupils have learned from their books, and how much they have acquired of mental, ethical, and bodily *power*. 5. Only competent teachers employed and these guaranteed fair salaries, regularly paid, *permanency*, and a pension when past the teaching age.

MANNERS.

NEXT to a man's table manners there is no better criterion of his breeding than the way in which he conducts himself at a theater party. If he ignores the performance and keeps up a little comedy of his own by laughing and talking and thus disturbing everybody around him you may safely set him down as a cad. His theater party may be composed of people prominent in society, but that won't save him. There ought to be some way of reaching people who are a source of annoyance, either through the police or the ushers. As a rule, when the theater cad goes by himself, he is quiet enough. But going in a party seems to have an intoxicating effect upon him, and he avails himself of it as an opportunity to make an ass of himself.—*Washington Post.*